

As we lightly finger the keys of our typewriter—with the index finger of each hand—it looks like rain. In fact, from all appearances, it rained a bit last night. Not much, but still, lots of big rains have started in a small way. There's nothing like a spot of rain to keep commerce happy in the Santa Clara valley—and other places. What had the earmarks of a lean Christmas will, with a bit more rain, develop into a day of full stockings for everybody. Personally, we are having a tough time trying to decide whether to give the ball-and-chain a mink coat or a Rolls-Royce for Christmas. We'll probably compromise on a new collar for the dog. Oh, well.

Did you ever try to write a column? No? Well, neither have we. All spoofing aside, it's not as easy as it looks. We go struggling through the week with a pretty fair opinion of our ability and then, Tuesday morning, we park in front of the typewriter and discover just how little we know about this and that. There is no better cure for an over-developed superiority complex than an attempt to put your thoughts on paper. In fact, when we tack "that's all" on the last sheet of paper we go out to the masterpiece erected some years ago by the Specialist, and have a good cry.

Something for the opponents of modern youth to mull over is the item chronicling the scholastic activities of one Fred Spooner, a Stockton lad, who is pursuer on a boat running between that city and San Francisco. He is enrolled at the College of Pacific and the University of California. When the boat lays over at Stockton Spooner attends classes at Pacific and when the boat ties up at the other end of the run the ambitious youth may be found on the campus at U. C. He prepares his academic work at night after putting the ship to bed. Just another lazy lad of the present generation.

Friday, Dec. 6, Chicago was crimeless for 17 hours. The law, it is reported, stood around and slept on its feet. We know better—they were all rendered unconscious by the unnatural phenomenon.

Another item from the Windy City, interesting if true, tells of yeggs who, upon discovering that one of their victims had but 18 cents in his jeans, gave him a five-spot and sent him on his way. That is hard to believe when it seems to be the universal custom among the gun-toting fraternity to beat almost to death anyone whose pockets reveal little or no money.

And on the other hand we have those brave lads who, after robbing a man, will kill him for the pleasure they get out of reading the headlines in the papers. Witness the brutal slaying recently staged near Gilroy on the Pacheco Pass road. Two men were killed for a total of \$140. It seems silly to believe that a man or men capable of cutting a throat should be obliged to resort to killing to get the money. No, it is our guess that the slaying took place after the robbery.

Well, there are few places in these more or less United States where it is impossible to hire a killer for anywhere from \$50 to \$500. The price depends, of course, upon the importance of the man who is marked for the happy hunting ground.

It's really raining now, people. These are great days for the manufacturers of rubbers, umbrellas, slickers, etc., and for the auto wreckers and surgeons.

Rebekah Committee To Discuss Parties

Twelve members of the Ada Rebekah lodge make up the committee which will meet this evening at the Odd Fellows hall to make plans for the Christmas tree for the Rebekah and Odd Fellow Lodges. Mrs. Anna Bachman is chairman of the committee.

SEA SCOUTS WILL GIVE TURKEY AND DUCK AT PICTURE

The Campbell Sea Scouts are selling tickets for a movie they have arranged to be shown at the Campbell theater. The name of this show is "The Hurricane," a story of the sea. George Bancroft takes the lead in what promises to be a very good picture.

This is the first time that the Seascouts have appealed to the people of Campbell for aid. During the past year they have supported themselves by collecting and selling old paper. The price of this has dropped so low that it no longer pays to sell it. The boys are now in debt and are making every effort to get sufficient money together to pay off the indebtedness and to secure, in addition, enough money to equip a boat recently given them by the navy.

As an added attraction they are giving away a turkey and a duck to the holder of the lucky tickets. The picture will be shown twice each evening, Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 17 and 18. The boys are asking everyone to help them, to take a chance on a turkey and a duck, and to see a very good picture.

FIRST OF THREE PARTIES TO BE STAGED DEC. 14

The first of a series of three card parties will be given by the Ada Rebekah lodge at the Odd Fellows hall Saturday evening, Dec. 14, at 8:00 o'clock. A turkey will be given to the holder of the lucky door ticket at the beginning of the evening. There will also be numerous other prizes and refreshments at the close of the card playing.

At the close of the third party of the series, scores will be added up for all three times and the person having the highest total score will receive the grand prize, which, it is reported, is worth playing for.

RICHARDS CLUB TO STAGE XMAS SING NEXT TUES.

Dr. Charles M. Richards, founder and director of the Richards club, will present that organization in its annual Christmas concert Tuesday, Dec. 17. The concert will be held in the San Jose teachers college auditorium. This is the first musicale offered this winter by the club. The program will feature Christmas carols and will include some negro spirituals and folk songs.

Admission will be by invitation. Cards may be secured at Teal's ticket agency and the Ferguson and McKiernan music stores.

COUNTY CAMP FIRE GIRLS ENTERTAIN

One hundred and seventy-five Camp Fire girls from all over the county met at the Schofield hall, Y. W. C. A. San Jose, Friday evening. The girls who were there represented the Campbell, Cambrian, Hester, Willow Glen, Gardner, Burbank, St. Leo's Jefferson and Sunol elementary schools.

The Cambrian group, whose guardian is Mrs. F. O. Bohnett, were on k. p. duty the full evening, with Mrs. Julius Bachman as caterer. The Hester and Gardner groups furnished a very delightful program. Mrs. Louis Shelley, county executive, was in charge of the whole entertainment.

One Act Play Is Well Received

The fellowship supper at the Congregational church Friday evening was very well attended, as was the one-act play which followed the supper. The play was staged by the members of the Friendship club and was under the able direction of Mrs. W. I.

We're All Counting On You, Uncle Sam—

By Albert T. Reid



GRANGE FAIR IS SUCCESSFUL EVENT

At the Grange fair Saturday afternoon and evening everything from toothpicks to puppies were sold, netting the organization quite a large amount to apply on the new building that they are planning to erect. Most everything was sold out and a fair price was received for each article.

In the evening a marvelous dinner was served. This was open to the public and nearly everyone in Campbell took advantage of the opportunity to eat away from home. Many attended the card party held after the fair had closed.

Toy Day At Church Sunday, Dec. 15

A very unusual feature will be a part of the morning worship of the local Congregational church this Sunday, Dec. 15. The younger people of the church are sponsoring a toy collection. These toys and other gifts will be placed in the church by the donors and will remain on view during the day. They will later be made up into stockings and given to the children in hospitals and to local children who would otherwise have a lean Christmas.

The Young Women's Service club of the Methodist church will meet with Mrs. I. R. Abbott

Merrill, who has had considerable experience in the direction of amateur theatricals.

The play depicted an imaginary meeting of the "Campbell Benevolent society" at which each member told how she had earned a dollar which she had contributed to the fund. The props were well chosen, the furniture and costumes being precisely the same as those articles of dress and furniture highly in favor 30 years ago.

The cast: Mrs. Hannah Smart, president, Mrs. H. C. Smith; Mrs. Miranda Knowall, secretary, Mrs. Worthen Grattan; Mrs. Matilda Thrifty, Treasurer, Miss Myrtle Arnett; Mrs. Samantha Blunt, Mrs. G. E. Merriman; Mrs. Maria Dolittle, Mrs. W. I. Merrill; Mrs. Martha Easygoing, Mrs. G. E. Geyser; Mlle. Hermeline Francaise, Mrs. C. B. Field; Miss Octavia Prim, Mrs. W. H. Stray; Mrs. Phoebe Righteous, Mrs. Horace Persons; Miss Molly Sensible, Miss Sadie Maxon; Mrs. Betsy Toploft, Mrs. T. A. Cutting; Miss Dorothy Up-To-Date, Miss Mary Fablinger; Mrs. Prudence Wise, Miss Jessie Lewis.

CHORAL SINGERS. CHURCH CHOIR IN JOINT MUSICAL

A chorus of 75 voices under the direction of Homer DeWitt Pugh will give a Christmas program in the grammar school auditorium Thursday evening, Dec. 19.

Los Gatos and Campbell choral classes of the night school, assisted by the First Presbyterian choir of San Jose, with prominent soloists, will make up this group in the presentation of Saint Saeus "Christmas Oratorio."

Mrs. Harold Smith To Address Club

The Friendship club reports they are extending a cordial invitation to all the ladies of the town to hear Mrs. Harold Smith speak Wednesday evening. This meeting will be held in the Congregational church at 7:30 p. m. Mr. and Mrs. Smith are on a leave of absence from their duties at Tsinan, China.

Rebekahs Guests Of Odd Fellows

Thursday evening, Dec. 12, the Morning Light lodge No. 42, I. O. O. F., will hold a reception and supper in honor of the Ada Rebekah lodge at the Odd Fellows hall in Campbell. Supper will be served promptly at 6:30 o'clock in the banquet hall.

There will be a short business meeting after which an evening of cards and other entertainment is to be enjoyed.

Funeral Monday For Mrs. Mary Roesch

Mrs. Mary Roesch, 57, passed away Friday at her home on McCoy avenue. She is survived by her husband, Arthur M. Roesch, a son, Stanley, and two granddaughters. Funeral services were held Monday from the A. W. Nuttman funeral home in Santa Clara, from there to St. Martin's church at Burbank where a requiem high mass was offered. Interment was made in the Santa Clara Catholic cemetery.

Kenneth Harris was here Saturday for a brief visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Harris of Central avenue, and saying "howdy" to his old friends.

Walter Smily was a week-end visitor in San Francisco.

SOME GOOD ADVICE FROM LOCAL P. M.

Wrap and send your Christmas parcels at the earliest date possible, as already indications point to a heavy Christmas mail. Many gifts have been already sent and received at the Campbell office, showing the mind of the more thoughtful. As Christmas comes in the mid-week and the carriers and office forces will not be on duty that day, a too heavy congestion on Monday and Tuesday will make delivery of some mail impossible. You are advised to mail early and attach "don't open til Christmas" stickers if you do not wish your packages opened until that day. No other stickers are to appear on the address side of any mail. An early clean-up of the Christmas mail is the biggest factor in the postal department's "merry Christmas," and mailers with that thought in mind will mail early.

CAMPBELL, LOS GATOS PRUNE GROWERS MEET

Stanley Smith, chairman, presided over the meeting of the Campbell-Los Gatos Prune and Apricot Growers' association last Tuesday evening. Seven new members were received into the organization.

An open meeting will be held Jan. 24 in the local grammar school and S. N. Hedegard, Stanley Smith and Robert Lear are the committee in charge of the arrangement of the program which will include noted speakers, music and refreshments.

You Can Phone The Leviathan From Here

Sunday, Dec. 8, for the first time in history, Campbellites, had they chosen to do so, may have telephoned to a ship on the Atlantic ocean. Regular service over wires of the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph company from any telephone in the city was established at 8:45 Sunday morning, with the steamer Leviathan, outbound from New York, it was announced yesterday by Miss Mattie Curran, manager of the local exchange.

The service will be available on all incoming and outgoing trips while the ship is in range. Calls may be put through by calling the long distance operator in the usual way.

STUDENT TEAM HAS BIG TIME IN L. A. SATURDAY

"We had a dandy time but we're glad to get back to Campbell."

Such was the sentiment of the Campbell Union High School judging team who returned Monday morning from the third annual Christmas livestock show in Los Angeles. The team composed of Perley Payne, Edward Perinone, Chester Howell and Merie Murty took part in the big judging contest Dec. 7 in which 115 schools from all parts of the state were represented and made a good showing there considering the lack of experience of the local boys and the competition offered by such a large field of teams, according to M. C. Buchanan, coach.

Chester Howell was high point man of the Campbell team and in judging of horses scored 92 points out of a possible 100, finishing high up in the list in that division. Lodi high school took first honors in the contest, followed closely by Handford. Vacaville and Beaver high school teams tied for third place.

The team arrived in Los Angeles Friday morning, Dec. 6 on a train that was loaded to capacity with boys and their coaches from all over northern and central California, where they were joined by boys from the southern part of the state. After registering at the Gates hotel in the heart of Los Angeles the Campbell group toured through Hollywood and Beverly Hills, Santa Monica and the beaches, returning by way of Clover field, one of the largest airports in the west. Huge acreages of poinsettias growing over the open hills of Hollywood vied with the exquisitely fashioned homes of hte movie stars for beauty, according to the boys. The homes of Harold Lloyd, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Buster Keaton, Gloria Swanson and other equally prominent stars were viewed by the local group.

Taking part in the big parade in the rodeo grounds of the stock show the Campbell boys marched in the Future Farmers of America section with red bandana handkerchiefs around their necks. Other features of the parade were a genuine Scotch bagpipe band, Kellogg's Arabian horses from Pomona, prize winning livestock of the show, a cowboy parade and other interesting divisions. The boys were guests of the show management at the big rodeo Saturday afternoon, headed by Hugh Strickland, long famous as a cowboy and champion roper and rider. Among the celebrities they caught glimpses of was Will Rogers, famous movie comedian who viewed the show close to the boys' section.

All in all the boys report a remarkably good time and bring back the news that the show management has made the Future Farmers day an annual event and with the railroads continuing to co-operate in furnishing transportation it is to be enlarged and improved each year to make it one of the most educational features of the state program.

OLD SETTLERS' DAY SPEAK'R COMMITTEE CHOSEN BY MERRILL

Plans for Old Settlers' Day in Campbell are under way. Every year for the past 30 years this occasion has been celebrated on Washington's birthday. Benjamin Campbell originated the holiday when Campbell was just a wheat field and since then it has developed into a county holiday.

Dr. W. I. Merrill, president of the chamber of commerce, appointed the following men to secure a speaker for the afternoon program: D. H. Cramer, T. A. Cutting and C. H. Whitman. The balance of the program will be decided at the meeting of the chamber Jan. 13, at which time plans for the evening program will also be made known.

FINE IDEA



First Suburbanite—I think I have solved the problem in regard to chickens and gardens.
Second Suburbanite—Let me in on it, will you?
First Suburbanite—I planted imitation seeds in my yard and fooled the chickens.

IF HE PROPOSED



He—Do you think you'd say yes if I proposed?
If you proposed a supper and a good show I certainly would.

AFTER A REST



"Jones ought to be looking well after being locked up at the police station."
"Why?"
"Shouldn't a man look well after arrest?"

BEAT MANY AN EGG



"Get married? Why, you don't know how to cook."
"I've beat up many an egg."

DOES THE THINKING



"I find you every job you've had and now you're out of work again."
"Now, that's an idea, dear! Why couldn't you open an employment agency?"

A GOOD MECHANIC



Boss—Why do you think you'll make a good auto mechanic?
Applicant—Well I know one of the secrets of the business is, while you're making repairs always see that something else gets broke.

HATE

By Arthur D. Howden Smith

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ARTHUR D. HOWDEN SMITH
WNU Service

CHAPTER I

Wreck of the Sackem

There were black looks from the men as they cut away the wreckage of the mainmast and curses on their lips lost nothing in vehemence for being muted by the gale. Fellowes, remote on the poop, missed none of the discontent, although he seemed to have eyes only for the hunched astern, and the rocky coast that filled the horizon to starboard. He held himself very erect, his slight, wiry frame tensed with energy, his hard-etched, young face frowning bleakly. Old Henderson, his first mate, standing beside him, nodded toward the frigate's close-reefed tops' lifting nearer about the combers.

"Tis bad luck, sir. We'll go ashore if they hit the other stick."
"They won't follow us in much closer," Fellowes answered shortly. "There's a port called Faro we ought to open any moment. I know where we are. That's Algarve, in southern Portugal."

He scanned the viscous pall that draped the sky behind the frigate. An onshore gale, that was the crowning affliction! Everything had gone wrong since they spoke the Salem letter-of-marque off the Cape Verde, and heard Madison had declared war—baffling winds, suspicious cruisers, the storm that had driven them east into the Gulf of Cadiz. And now, this tall-spurred, yellow frigate!

A cold rage possessed Fellowes; his blue eyes, bluer for the tan of cheek bones and brow, sparkled icily. He reviewed the long voyage to Canton, the patience with which he had assembled a choice cargo, certain to pay big profits.

Was he to see that cargo put up at auction by a British prize court? See the Sackem that he had groomed and cherished lovingly sold off at Portsmouth for British registry? He'd die first, he told himself. And his jaw set squarely as a tongue of flame and a roundshot whined overhead in the rigging.

"Gettin' closer," croaked the first mate. "And we're purty nigh them rocks."

"I see it, Mr. Henderson," Fellowes asserted crisply. "And once for all, I'll not strike. The frigate daren't follow us much further—she draws twice what we do."

"Aye, aye, sir," muttered the first mate, but his tone was one of dissent. Fellowes fists clinched tight under the skirts of his watch coat. Give him a few hours of darkness, and he'd contrive to slip free of his trap, beat past the blinded frigate, perhaps turn and steer east again for Cadiz—he could, at a pinch, find a market for his cargo with the Spanish merchants. But profit, trade was a secondary consideration. The main thing was to outface the arrogance of British power, show that America could keep the seas.

The frigate, undeterred by the immensity of a dangerous coast, continued on her course a point or two nearer the wind than the Sackem's. Suddenly, in her bows, glowed two little jets of flame for eyes. The whips boom of Long Toms rumbled down the wind. And the deck of the Sackem trembled under Fellowes. There was a cracking and rending of timbers, but he looked in vain for signs of damage until he saw the helmsman clutching at the madly spinning wheel.

"She don't answer, Cap'n! She don't answer," babbled the man.

Overhead spars banged and canvas galled as the brig broached to; the foretopmast went by the board with a crash in a welter of tangled rigging. And in the midst of the confusion, Fellowes heard himself saying calmly: "The rudder's shot away. You'd best get forward, my man."

"I knowed 't would happen," cried the first mate. "She'll be on them rocks in a jiffy. The sooner we lower the boats, the surer we'll be o' saving the crew."

"There'll be time," snapped Fellowes. "Her head's swinging into the wind. The foretopmast will serve as a sea anchor while it holds."

"Mr. Henderson, well lower the quarterboats." And he called down to the crew: "Smartly, men! I'm sorry you're going into captivity. Any who prefer to stay with me I'll do what I can for."

"Ain't you comin' sir?" exclaimed Henderson.

"I was brought up in England," Fellowes answered dryly. "I don't hanker for their prisons."

"But them rocks—"

"I'll risk it. My luck is due for a turn. Now, then, look alive, all of you! No small gear, men. Just as you are."

They obeyed him mechanically, officers and men alike demoralized by the rapidity with which disaster had overtaken them.

Presently old Henderson rolled aft, and hailed him respectfully:

"Better come along of us, Cap'n! she's a goner."

"I'd rather chance the rocks than Dartmoor," Fellowes rejoined, with a smile. "Make no mistake. You'd be wiser to stay with me—go for a privateersman after we reach home."

"You'll never reach home through them rocks," Henderson answered stubbornly. "I'm sorry, sir. Ye been a good skipper. I'd stay—if I seed any chance of gettin' ashore."

"Thank you, Mr. Henderson. Don't worry—you're right to go."

The mate's face was unhappy, but

he saluted clumsily, and clambered over the bulwarks. A moment later, the small boats cast off, and pulled away. Fellowes was relieved when the frigate held on her course to pick them up. At least he had the satisfaction of knowing he wasn't responsible for any deaths. And he told himself, surveying the battered hulk of brig, that he'd done all that was possible to save her.

But she was a goner, as old Henderson had said. Drifting steadily on shore, he dropped off the poop into the green pool of the waist, and slushed through the companionway of his cabin, where he discarded watch coat and sea boots, and buckled on a belt containing his scanty funds. He had barely regained the deck when a wave demolished the clutter of wreckage that moored the brig's bow.

Fellowes was half-suffocated by the cascades of emerald water that breached the bulwarks, but he fought his way forward, and succeeded in tussling himself to the windlass. He



It Came With a Jarring and Rending of Timber, a Mighty Din of Waters.

had his parting view of the frigate, lying to the Sackem's boats under her counter. Ahead, a sawtoothed ledge of rocks dripped blackly in a hollow between two waves, and he pulled the slip-knot of his lashings, bracing himself for the shock. It came with a jarring and rending of timbers, a mighty din of waters. Then he was snatched off the deck, hurled up—and up—and up. He must swim, he realized, but at once he began to sink. Down—down—down! A drumming in his ears, eyes smarting, lungs oppressed. But he must fight on. He must! Show these Englishmen—

Fellowes was aroused by fingers prodding at his garments. A hairy face glared greedily into his; a curved knife flashed in the gusty light of torches, playing hazily about a ring of other hairy faces, bestial and cruel.

The man holding the knife wrenched at his soaking neckcloth. Easy to imagine what would happen next. He braved himself for the nick of the steel—and a woman's voice belled in the shadows, high and clear. The hairy faces recoiled; the knife was hidden. The woman spoke briefly again.

The torches blazed nearer, straw torches, tightly braided and dipped in resin. Across the area of pebbly beach, he saw distinctly the three people who approached him: two women, one slim and willowy, despite the cloak that enveloped her, the other enormous in girth, panting and wheezing as she waddled along, and with them a cask-necked priest.

The slim woman stooped over Fellowes, and he looked up into a pair of velvet brown eyes, dewy and compassionate, set in a lovely, oval face. "Poor soul," she exclaimed in English, innocent of accent. "We saw your misfortune from the castle. But why did you remain on your ship?"

"I don't strike," he whispered.

A shadow mantled her olive features.

"All the world at war, and America must thrust her infant into the melee! But we'll not talk politics, sir. I'll have you carried to Padre Antonio's."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Clever Hiding Places for Family Treasures

In this day of checking accounts, safe deposit vaults, wall safes, burglary insurance, of pursers on steamships and clerks in hotels who safeguard our valuables for us, it is difficult even to imagine what must have been the anxiety in the days when every woman had to look after her treasures for herself.

And yet even our grandmothers can sometimes tell us of the way they hid their jewelry deep within the feathers of the bed, or hiding their money in chinks of the wall or sewing it in the wide hems of their skirts. And the secret drawers and slides and cubby holes that we find in interesting old pieces of furniture bear witness to the

fact that women of former generations have had a far less easy time of it to hide their treasures than we.

In the bureaus, desks and other pieces of furniture made by the master cabinetmakers of the Eighteenth century in France and England much time and skill were used in making these secret hide-away places—the location of which and method of opening was often kept a deep secret between the maker of the piece and the owner.

Friction in Criticism
If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live.

When he came to, he was lying in a huge, canopied bed, warm and drowsy. His wet clothes had been removed and liniment applied to his cuts and bruises. Moving tentatively under his covers, feet rustled among the rushes, and the girl of the mantilla appeared beside him, no longer cloaked, her figure showing to advantage in a gown of woolen stuff as brown as her eyes. At her elbow was the enormous woman, who had attended her on the bench, a creature so stout as to seem a caricature.

The girl dropped a hand on Fellowes' forehead.

"Ah, your fever is going," she said approvingly. "You'll do well, sir."

"Thanks to you," he murmured.

"No, no! Thanks to yourself—and such aid as we could render."

"I'd have had—knife in throat—but for you," he insisted.

"We won't speak of that. Our peasants, alas, are little better than savages. But there is something I must say to you, sir. I am obliged to leave this place, Perenna. In the morning there is no one here who speaks English. So, if you will tell me your wishes, I will explain them to Padre Antonio. He has the money-belt you wore, and will return it at your pleasure."

"Where do you go?" asked Fellowes.

"To Lisbon," she caught her lip in her teeth, as if regretful of the statement. "If you will be advised, sir," she hastened on, "you will journey into Spain. The British control all northern Portugal, and their authorities in Lisbon will not be partial to a shipwrecked American."

He hesitated.

"I think I'll try Lisbon."

"As you choose," she was almost haughty. "But you will require rest and refreshment in the meantime. The Padre understands."

"Now you must sleep, sir."

"But I haven't thanked you! And I want—"

"Tis late, and I rise with the sun. Good-night, sir—God fetch you safe home."

She was gone. And fretful as he was, a power stronger than his will pushed shut his leaden eyelids. He awoke to a stamping and shouting in the street below. Mindful of his rescuer's departure, he managed to stumble out of bed, and hobble to a window. His curiosity was rewarded. A stately coach, six stalwart Andalusian mules hitched to the pole, stood at the priest's door, that functionary himself, in the act of ushering the two women into it.

The girl leaned from the coach window to give some parting message and called to the coachman perched high on his box. The ponderous vehicle swayed off, the mules' hoofs clacking daintily. Fellowes, more weary than he had reckoned, was content to crawl back to bed. He must discover who she was, he told himself, yielding to sleep again.

He was awakened by the priest tapping his shoulder, proffering a cup of chocolate.

The chocolate put new strength in him, spurred him to inquire the girl's identity. But he could make nothing of the Padre's Portuguese, the Padre looked blank at his English, and the most Fellowes could gather was that a certain Donna Clara was a great lady, a good lady. If somewhat unusual in her conduct. He supposed the girl to be Donna Clara, but he wasn't by any means sure of it. All he could be assured of was that she had come to Lisbon. Very well, he'd go there. And the third day of his stay he announced his intention. The Padre seemed disturbed, but after considerable debate, he shrugged his shoulders, produced Fellowes' money-belt and a hairy-faced named Rojas, who looked like a bandit and passed for a mute.

The fourth day Fellowes rode forth of the village. At the top of the narrow street, he halted to look back for the last time. His eyes were up on the rocks where the Sackem had gone to her doom, a doom so complete that the only vestiges remaining of the brig were scattered bits of wreckage lodged in inaccessible crannies of the cliffs.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Vision of Christmas

by Robert L. C. Stead

IT WAS SURELY more than mortal wisdom that centered the Christian faith about a Child. Little children, with their laughter and tears, their joys and their soon-forgotten sorrows, touch the better instincts of all mankind, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

CHILDREN ARE the center of the family, and the family is the center of the true spirit of Christmas. The radiance of Christmas shines into every crevice of human life, but only those about the family hearthstone know the full glow of its effulgent warmth.

IT IS A TRUE instinct of the soul, which prompts us at Christmas time, to draw the family together and become again as little children.

Then the asperities of life are softened; the cares and ambitions of life cease their clamor, and Love settles upon the family circle. Even the empty chair may have its occupant of the spirit, and the touch of a vanished hand may be felt in the soft stirrings of the Night of Peace.

THE REAL Vision of Christmas is lost to those who fail to see in the family circle the symbol of the greater group—the Family of Mankind—and to catch in this season of goodwill on earth some glimpse of the Larger Brotherhood. Slowly, for nearly two thousand years, that Vision has been taking form. Although from time to time eclipsed, it invariably returns, bursting over every cloud of war and hatred, a little brighter, a little nearer, a little more defined. Whenever the call of sudden disaster or spectacular suffering is heard, generous hearts in every land respond. And in millions of unheralded instances, mercy is not strained and charity spreads its protecting wings as gently as falls the dew from summer skies.

GOD HAS ordained Christmas that once a year the harmonies of Heaven may fall on ears unsealed by selfishness, on hearts miraculously softened from the hardness of the daily grind, that in that hour of peace may come a clearer vision of the Brotherhood of Man.

(C. 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)



ANOTHER MR. SCROOGE by Blanche Tanner Dillin

THERE was to be no exchange of Christmas gifts that year, in the family, as Gordon Wade had made very plain. This Christmas "stuff" was all "the bunk," anyway—time and money wasted, just to help the merchants sell their goods. Half of the things no one wanted either to give or receive. It didn't mean a thing any more—if it ever did—he rather doubted if it ever did.

So his mind was free on that subject as he stopped for his morning paper the day before Christmas.

"Ain't Christmas grand?" the newsboy asked, his face wreathed with smiles.

"Do you think so?" the man asked as he paid for his paper.

"Sure!" was the enthusiastic reply. "Ain't we goin' to have a tree at the church tonight?" pointing across the street, "with candy and nuts, and everything. And tomorrow a dinner? I'll say it's grand!"

Then—"Oh, wait a minute, mister," he called after the retreating man who quickly turned. "Look!" displaying a red glass pin for the man's inspection. "Ain't this a peach?" proudly. "It's for my Mom. She just loves jewelry. 'Course this ain't good enough for her, but it's



the best I could afford." Then with a sigh, "I sure hope she likes it."

"Of course she will," the man reassured him.

"I sure hope so. Merry Christmas, mister."

"Merry Christmas," returned the man.

The incident was recalled later, when one of the men in the office showed him a watch he had for his wife. In fact, it was recalled several times, as others proudly showed him gifts they had purchased for some loved one. "More useless spending," was the mental comment.

Late that day one of the men laid before him a package. "Isn't that the cutest?" Wade saw only a very crudely fashioned calendar, but Larson was smiling and his eyes were moist. "My little five-year-old made that all by herself. I tell you I'd rather have that than almost anything," was the proud boast. "She couldn't wait until tomorrow to give it to me," the man chuckled.

"Funny," mused Wade, "how much those things mean some-

times." He remembered a foolish little penwiper hidden away in his dresser—the work of Helen's five-year-old fingers—several years ago—but he remembered how happy they both were over it.

"It's a good thing people drop their grouches once a year and can speak decently to a fellow."

"Do you mean Christmas?" Wade asked the man at his side.

"Sure," was the reply. "Some people in this office grouch all year, but just as soon as Christmas comes, they're all smiles."

"Working for a present, maybe," was the comment.

"No, they aren't," was the emphatic answer. "They're all talking about what they're going to give—not get. No, sir! They just forget themselves once a year and remember there are others on earth. And a good thing, too, say I."

Wade thought about it many times that day. Maybe Anderson was right. Maybe people did give because they enjoyed giving. Maybe it really was unselfish on their part. After all, life wouldn't be worth much if you didn't have anyone you cared enough about to ever

give a present. That was one way you showed people you cared.

It would be rather strange not to have any of the usual excitement of Christmas preparations at home. No whispered secrets and no excitement about hiding gifts. It would be sort of quiet, too.

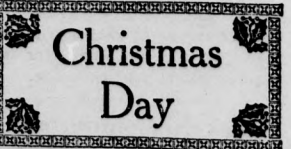
Junior was "a great kid." He certainly did want that bicycle. And Helen would be as proud as a peacock with that wrist watch she had been talking about so much. And Jamie, "the little scamp," he surely would be disappointed if that football wasn't there tomorrow morning.

And Grace—bless her heart—she was the best wife and mother possible. She deserved something mighty fine. They were all a "fine bunch," and nothing was too good for them. And he was going to show them that he thought so, too.

Was there time enough—yes, if he hurried. After telephoning home he would be late; or he rushed shouting "Merry Christmas" as he went.

Hours later on the train on his way home he was too happy to think of how tired he was. "It was just a case of another Mr. Scrooge," he chuckled to himself.

(C. 1929, Western Newspaper Union.)



Christmas Day

THE crimson and green of the holly, The candle-light's flickering gleam, Are opening memory's gateway, And bringing a Christmas-time dream. What matters the years that are fleeting, I know that your friendship endures, And straight from my heart goes the greeting— May the season's best blessings be yours.

ARTIE

His Adventures
in Love, Life and the Pursuit
of Happiness
By GEORGE ADE

Artie at the Wedding

A LARGE yellow rose drooped from Artie's lapel as he came into the office Thursday morning, in a breezy fashion.

"Ting-a-ling, the bells will ring." As he sang this, he put one hand behind his ear and stood in the listening attitude, so commonly affected by neat song-and-dance artists.

"Ah! The best man, I believe?" said Miller, moving back from his desk and regarding Artie's specialty with keen delight.

"You know it," replied Artie, "you know it. I was the stroke oar at the doin's, and it's a conservative estimate when I say that me and Mame was the hit o' the piece."

"You got through all right, then?" "A little slow on the getaway, but I made a Garrison finish. I was runnin' in strange company, too, but as soon as I got the pace they couldn't head me."

"Tell me all about it. You and Mame really stood up with them, did you?"

"Did we? Ain't I tellin' you we led the league? I give Mame a wad o' roses that laid over anything the bride could flash, and mebbe you think she wasn't in good form. Ah, boy! She looked, gee, just beautiful!"

"By George, Artie, you are hard hit," said Miller, laughing. "You're dead right there, an' I make no bones about it. She's got me landed and strung."

"Are you going to tell me about that wedding?" asked Miller, impatiently.

"Well, it was a whiz! We didn't break into the sassiest notes, but that's Kosher in our set. It took all day to pull it off. Mame told me to come straight to the Connelly house, because she had to go there early in the morning. Her and the other Connelly girl was handlin' the bride."

"When I got there, there was a big jam in the front room—Mame's mother, old man Connelly, Mrs.

that was about how glad she was the sun had come out and wantin' to know if Mr. Parker was in the car behind. Tommy grinned and looked foolish.

"To tell the truth I got kind o' groggy myself when we stopped in front of the church and piled out. Mame was all right, though. She froze to me and steered me through without a bull."

"Well, what did you have to do?" inquired Miller, with growing interest.

"I done nothin' but stick to Mame. Tommy agreed to a lot o' business that's enough to set any boy a-thinkin' if he goes against the game."

"Oh, I forgot; it was right in the dead serious part, just when Florence and Tommy put their lunch hooks together. 'They're off. I whispered to Mame and she came purt' near bustin' out and queerin' the whole act. She panned me good and hard for it afterwards."

"What did you do after the ceremony?"

"Say, the ceremony was just the first part o' the show. What we got out o' the church Florence's mother was cryin' again and kissin' every body except me and the old man. We did a run-around on her. They loaded up the carriages again and all but us four went back to the house. We went over to get our photographs."

"Oh, I see."

"Well, I should say so. You've always got to have one o' them bride-and-groom pictures in the house even if there's nothing to eat. They wanted me and Mame to go along, so we rode over and watched 'em."

"Tommy was all right by that time. He'd got his nerve back, and he was real peppy, kiddin' Mame and me, and sayin' 'That's all right. Some time I'll come and see you two hitched up.' Wasn't that a raw deal, huh? There I was—I'd never said nothin' to Mame about the marry idea, and he was takin' it for granted that every thing was set. He was pretty fresh about it."

"But Mame—say, she passed it off smoother 'n silk. She just give him the ha-ha and says: 'That'll be all right. You'll get your bid when the shootin' match comes off.'"

"She didn't call it a 'shootin' match'?"

"Naw! I'm just tellin' you, you know. Well, they got their pictures. Florence settin' down with the



"Well, They Got Their Pictures."

Connelly, Tommy Bradshaw—he was the groom, you know—one o' Tommy's brothers from the South side and a chilly egg by the name of Parker.

"Tommy—new suit, new topper new shoes. He was washed and combed till he didn't look right. I think he overdone it, myself. And say, you ought o' seen him when Mame's mother started to razz him."

"How was that?" inquired Miller.

"Oh, the old girl's got a fast line! You see, here was Mrs. Connelly settin' there sobbin' an' bawlin' round as if she was goin' to bury the daughter instead of stakin' her to a cigar store. That worried old man Connelly, and so Mame's mother tried to jazz up the crowd by ridin' with Tommy. She'd say: 'Well, Mr. Bradshaw, you're a very handsome man in your weddin' clothes, and then throw me the wink. Then she'd ask him if he'd back out if he had the chance and how many girls he'd been engaged to before. She had him fussed up till he couldn't say a word. No use, though; Mrs. Connelly kept mopin' her eyes and every little while sayin' 'Ah-h-h-h' like that. I guess it wasn't put on, though. She was probably broke up. Women are different."

"Oh, yes," assented Miller, "she hated to lose her daughter."

"I don't believe it was that. She claimed it was the happiest day of her life, and then as soon as she said it she commenced to bawl again."

"How did you get to the church?"

"W'y, we give a big parade—five cars we had. I hadn't hardly had a chance to see Mame in her new clothes till we got in the bus with Florence and Tommy. Florence had about twenty yards o' thin mosquito-bar stuff hangin' to her and was made up great, but even at that, she couldn't get better'n place with Mame in the runnin'."

"She's a nice girl, though. She was all fussed and so was Tommy. All the way to the church they didn't say more'n twenty words, and

flowers in her lap and him standin' behind with one of his fins kind o' hid in that mosquito bar. Then we all drove back to the house to feed our faces."

"Oh, you had a wedding break fast?"

"I hope to tell you! That was where I cut loose. I made a speech, just for a kid, you know, but it started 'em—all but that cold guy. We fed 'em and smoked and danced, and old man Connelly played the saxophone—rotten, thank you Mame was the star, too. Don't forget it."

Honest, we had a good time. Them people up there's good enough for me. No frills, but they're on the level, and when it comes down to cases they're just as good as a lot of people that make a bigger front. They got hearts in the right place."

"It's like the man at the boat club says, 'If you can't travel with the bell-cows, stick to the gang. That's wise talk, too.'"

(© by George Ade.)

Big Ice Box Museum Planned for Siberia

A gigantic refrigerator museum in ice-covered Siberia for the scientific preservation of men and animals has been planned by the Far Eastern Geophysical observatory.

The phenomenon of "eternal frost" in part of Siberia is thought to be entirely suitable for such a project. It has been found that organic elements can be preserved for centuries in the frozen ground. Proof is cited in the discovery of the bodies of mammoths in a refrigerated condition.

Sponsors of the museum plan to tie away for the ages specimens of all races, the utensils of their daily life, food products and animals. It is estimated that about \$5,000,000 will be required and application will be made to scientific organizations all over the world for donations.

Self-Willed

Often a man who has a will makes everyone miserable until his will is probated.

Illinois' Oldest College Building



This building, known as "Old Beechwood," erected in 1829, was the attraction at the centennial celebration of Illinois college at Jacksonville, Ill. Rich in tradition, it included among its students, William Herndon, law partner of Abraham Lincoln, William Jennings Bryan and others who became famous.

Sergeant York's Feat Is Reproduced



One of the main features of the annual carnival held at the War college in Washington was this reproduction of the great feat of Sergt. Alvin York who with a small force of men rushed a machine gun nest at Chateau Chateche-Hury, France, capturing four German officers and one hundred twenty-eight men.

TO WED SHOP GIRL



His Highness, Aga Sultan Sir Muhammad Shah, better known as the "Aga Khan," Moslem religious leader of India and Africa, and famous race horse owner, who is to be married in November to a brunette girl who first attracted his attention in a candy store in Chambery, where she clerked. The ceremony will be performed by the mayor of Chambery.

ISHBEL MAC DONALD



A new and hitherto unpublished portrait study of Miss Ishbel Mac Donald, the attractive daughter of Premier Ramsay MacDonald of Great Britain, who accompanied her father on his visit to Washington.

Comfort for Many

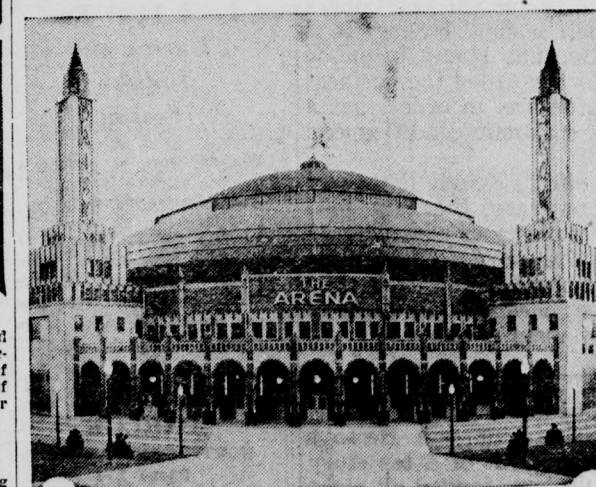
Some people are born with big muscles just as others are born with big feet or big noses, and they don't have to exercise to keep these muscles big.—American Magazine.

War Hero Receives Medal of Honor



Michael Valente, formerly private, Company D, One Hundred Seventh Infantry, Twenty-seventh division during the World war, receiving from President Hoover the Congressional Medal of Honor, at the White House. Valente received the medal for bravery while in action against the Hindenburg line. He enlisted at Ogdensburg, N. Y., but is now a resident of Long Beach, N. Y.

Arena Built for National Dairy Show



This is the new Arena in St. Louis, built especially for the National Dairy exposition, the National Poultry show, and the National Horse show. The huge structure cost \$1,500,000 and will also be used for conventions, aircraft shows and boxing and wrestling matches.

POULTRY FACTS

EASY TO DETECT POULTRY DISEASE

Expert Tells of Tests to Show Carriers of Ills.

"Fifteen years' experience has taught the Massachusetts poultry men that the so-called agglutination test is an efficient means of detecting carriers of bacillary white diarrhea infection," said W. R. Hinshaw of the Massachusetts Agricultural college experiment station. In this test, made under a microscope, specimens of the suspected bacteria are mixed with a sample of diluted blood serum from the infected bird. "The laboratory test alone will not eradicate the disease; it is only one step in the progress."

Under the Massachusetts law, the control of the disease is voluntary with the poultryman, who pays for the service at the experiment station control laboratory at the rate of 10 cents a bird plus 1 cent for the leg band. The cost of 11 cents for each bird includes expenses of the blood collector as well as the actual laboratory work.

Mr. Hinshaw attributes the failure of certain poultrymen to eradicate the disease to a number of reasons. The poultryman may fail to test all his birds, or fail to re-test at intervals within the season if the flock is found to be infected, or he may keep chicks which have been hatched before the test had been completed. Other reasons are the failure to remove reactors from the flock as soon as they are reported; the failure to burn off from birds which react to the test killed for home use; and the failure to clean and disinfect the houses following the removal of reactors.

Sometimes the poultryman makes the mistake of holding reactors for egg-laying purposes, and feeding eggs from unknown sources to baby chicks. Again he may hatch eggs for poultrymen who have not tested their flocks, or buy stock such as eggs, chicks, and adults, from diseased flocks. When he returns birds to the flocks from poultry shows and egg-laying contests without first quarantining them, he runs danger. Lack of attention to details in the field at the time of collection of blood samples may result in failure to eradicate the disease.

Convenience Important in Poultry Buildings

Though convenience concerns the manager directly, it indirectly affects the poultry. The more convenient it is to do the work the easier it is, and the surer that it will be done; the poultry plant should be "set-at-table" for the manager or feeder.

Put the poultry house where it can be got to readily, and also make it possible to feed the poultry without having to run to the granary or stable for grain.

In the gate, the door, the driveway, and everything connected with the poultry, convenience should be studied.

Often this one item determines the difference between pleasure and drudgery, and the one is as easy to have as the other. Not only should the house be accessible, but the internal arrangements ought to be such that the necessary work may be done with the least amount of labor.

If the man can do the work in the hen house with the ease with which it is done in the horse stable, there will be fewer filthy poultry houses and much better returns.

Number of Females to Male Quite Variable

The number of females to be mated with one male varies with the class of stock.

For the Asiatics it should be eight to ten.

For the American and English classes it should be ten to fifteen, and the Mediterranean may be fifteen to twenty.

The hens to be mated should be kept away from other males for at least three weeks prior to the saving of the first eggs for hatching, and should have associated with the males it is desired to breed from, for at least ten days, while two weeks is better.

Buckwheat Favored for Feeding During Winter

Buckwheat has some qualities to be recommended. It is oily and therefore, supplies heat to the birds and is particularly adapted to winter feeding. It is fattening. Because it has so much woody fiber, however, it is only worth about one-half as much pound for pound as wheat for poultry feed. Ground and mixed with skim milk and buttermilk it makes a very good fattening mash. In scratch feeds for laying flocks it is generally used in no greater quantities than 10 per cent for the above reason; too much fiber.

Light Important

Light is very important in the poultry house in winter, because the days are short at best. If the hens do not have sufficient light to take full advantage of their opportunities to eat, they will not be able to lay many eggs. Artificial lights are considered profitable in increasing winter production, and it certainly is worth while to provide for the maximum benefits from natural daylight. Nothing contributes more to contentment and well-being of the flock than clean litter.

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Editorial

SAFETY FIRST

What greater responsibility does a community have than the preservation of human life? The safety first movement has taught us that most accidents are preventable. Carelessness accounts for the destroying of thousands of human lives annually, through accidents that could be reduced to a minimum if we would all practice the habit of "safety first" in our daily lives.

During the past score of years there has been a rapidly mounting accidental death rate, due to the increasing number of motor cars on our streets and highways. It is unfortunate that this great boon to human kind should, through carelessness, be the accidental cause of so much unnecessary pain and grief. The automobile itself cannot be blamed—it is the owners and drivers who must be held accountable. Adherence to the safety first movement would mean a tremendous reduction in the loss of life through automobile accidents. Common sense on the part of the driver would reduce this hazard. A man who takes unnecessary chances, such as trying to beat a train at the crossing, should have his license revoked. If the owner would inspect his car with the care that a railroad engineer checks his locomotive, or an aviator checks his airplane, fewer people would be killed in automobile accidents. Poor lights, faulty brakes or steering gear, lack of horn, etc., may all result in accidents, even with a careful driver, and the remedy for this is frequent inspection and occasional repairs.

Fire is another danger that may be avoided through proper precautions. Matches should be kept out of reach of young children. Inflammable cleaning fluids should never, under any circumstances be used or stored near a fire. Open fires should be screened. Electrical wiring should be properly insulated, and should be occasionally inspected. Gas burners should be turned tightly off when not in use. See that a match is really out before it is thrown away, and also cigarettes and cigars. Carelessness in this respect has caused innumerable fires.

Think of the people you know who have been the victims of accidents. Read the papers and make a note of the accidents reported resulting in injuries or death. Notice how many of them are due to the carelessness of someone. You say to yourself, "If she had waited a moment to cross the street, she would be alive today." Or, "if that little cut on his finger had been treated at once his hand would have been saved," or, "that mother should have known better than to have set that pail of hot water on the floor and left the room." That is just it—we should all know better. We should practice the sensible precaution of safety first in little things, as well as big. In this respect, each of us is his brother's keeper. So let us remember that sometimes the least carelessness can cause the biggest disaster, and make up our minds that we will not be responsible for any needless accident.

A GOOD TIME TO SPEND MONEY

There are a good many people in the United States who won't have as much money to spend for the next few months as they had before they lost their savings in Wall street. That is bound to affect business in many lines, though bankers, business men, economists and statesmen agree that there is nothing wrong with the business structure of the nation. Probably the net effect of the slump in the stock market will be no more serious than was the collapse of the Florida land boom three years ago.

The greatest danger is that people will think there is danger, and so curtail their normal buying. It is for the purpose of forestalling any slump in public confidence that President Hoover called the business leaders of America into conference, in order that a true picture of the nation's economic condition can be presented to everybody.

Facts already developed indicate clearly that there is nothing to fear. On the contrary, this is a good time to spend money. There is plenty of money available for any useful, productive purpose. And in many lines, commodities are cheaper now than they have been for some time past, cheaper than some of them are likely to be a few months hence.

Dan Yeager went over to the flying field the other day to watch the parachute jumpers. He says the fellow that got killed falling out of a ten story window in his pajamas would have landed all right if he'd worn an old fashioned night shirt.



Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—You won't do it, but this is the time of year to remind you to do your shopping early.

When Si Penhall suggested to a girl from Los Gatos that she give her friend some book-ends for Christmas, the girl indignantly said that if she couldn't give whole books she wouldn't give any.



Doakes McBathwater, well-known local poet was in town window shopping with his wife last night and got the inspiration for this one:

Man wants but little here below,
And is not hard to please;
But woman, bless her heart and soul,
Wants everything she sees.

A reader out at Cupertino sent this one in:

Whatever troubles Adam had
Upon his little isthmus,
He didn't have to plan ahead
With Eve to buy for Christmas.

Knappen says that he and his missus haven't had a cross word since they quit speaking three days ago.

GUY FARLEY SAID LAST WEEK THAT THE MAIN FACTOR IN THE SUCCESS OF A SALESMAN WAS PLUCK. BUT HE DIDN'T SAY WHO TO PLUCK.

Thus that little difficulty is ironed out.

In your worn tread, skidding difficulties, give a thought to the new **GOODYEAR** all-weather tread. Boy, and HOW! The long dry spell is over and you need new Goodyears!

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS—PH. 111
Campbell, California

Congregational Guild To Meet Thursday

A meeting of the Guild of the Congregational church will be held Thursday, Dec. 12, at 2 p. m. The business on hand is especially important as there will be an election of officers and the arrangements for the coming year will be made. All members are urged to be present. The meeting will be held at the church.

The primary department of the Congregational Sunday school will hold its Christmas party Saturday afternoon, Dec. 14.



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Mrs. Howard Lillingston and daughter are planning a trip to Orland this week to visit Mr. Lillingston's parents. They will stop a while at Sacramento enroute to visit with her aunt, Mrs. May Turner. Mr. Lillingston will join them, coming from Marceline, Missouri, and will accompany them to Campbell to spend Christmas.

Dr. W. I. Merrill is constructing a cottage on the rear of his lot for his mother, Mrs. Amelia Merrill.

Maj.-Gen. Victor A. Yakhoutoff, Russian army, retired, now distinguished for his ability as lecturer, was a guest of Mrs. George Wednesday. He left that evening for Los Angeles where he lectured on modern Russia.

"Doc" Beal and Ed Wiesendanger spent the week-end at the Wiesendanger hunting cabin back of Mt. Hamilton. They got some quail and beat the rain out of the hills by a whisker.

Shy girl—Oh, but mother objects to kissing!

Bright Lad—Well, that's all right; I'm not kissing her, am I?



NOTICE



Beginning Monday, Dec. 16 you can secure your 1930 automobile license plates from me.

I will be in my office in the Campbell Water Co. Building each morning from 8:00 to 9:00 a. m. to take applications, and plates can be had the following morning.

.. This Service Is Free and Is for Pleasure Cars Only ..



PHONE CAMPbell 68

— INSURANCE, ALL LINES

CHRISTMAS SHOPPERS

MAY BUY TO ADVANTAGE AT

Smith's Stationery Store

Package Wrapping Material

Dress up your Christmas parcels. Plain and fancy wrapping tissue, seals, etc., 1c to **10c**

Stationery

Fancy boxed, white and pastel shades **75c**

Cards

Correspondence cards, 25c to **40c**

Tennis Rackets

Tennis Rackets, good standard numbers, suitable for beginner or expert, as low as **\$4.00**

Fountain Pens

Diamond Point self fillers **\$2.75**

Carter Pens

All sizes, 3 colors, priced from \$3 to **\$7.00**

Automatic Pencils

Automatic Pencils, several makes, all standard, prices from \$1 to **\$3.50**

Tennis Balls

Wright & Ditson Tennis balls, red, each **50c**

Pen and Pencil Sets

Good looking, durable sets, \$5 to **\$8.50**

Miscellaneous Suggestions

Other stationery, note and memorandum books, fountain pen inks, school supplies, mechanical drawing sets, water color paints, crayolas and drawing paper pads

GREETING CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS. A FINE LINE OF CHRISTMAS CARDS FOR PRINTED SIGNATURES

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

by ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD RILEY

SEVENTH INSTALMENT

She felt her throat constrict and was conscious of an almost mastering desire to scream. If Fergus had not been saved, if he, her mad companion in her mad adventure, had been lost, then life would have no savor, not even a reason for continuance. If she, impelled by motives which even to herself were obscure, had dragged Faunce to his death, then would she be guilty of that death.

She cried out at sight of him, and he leaped from the chair. She leaned against the outer wall of the cabin and laughed. He was so ridiculous in those clothes, obviously borrowed from Stevens' supply. Then she wept slightly, but dried her tears as he advanced upon her. She held out her hands to him.

"I wanted to die," she said. "The fear that I'd dragged you to death..."

As his hand dropped gently upon hers and imprisoned it, she met his glance.

If she had not known before, she would have been informed now. He loved her with that overmastering love which is given only to middle-age. Youth is romantic and desirous, but the middle years bring selfless devotion.

"Don't, Fergus," she said brokenly.

"My dear," he said, "I can't help it. It seems to me that it's always been so, and always will be so. But I'm not going to bother you with it, Lucy dear. I didn't mean you to read it in my eyes. But you have, and I am glad, because if ever you need anyone—I don't want to be melo-

"I'm not a bit afraid of him, Fergus," she said.

Reluctantly the doctor arose and walked forward. Stevens leaned toward his wife.

"Where were you going with Faunce?" he demanded.

"I don't at all mind telling you," she replied. "We were going to spend last night on Barracuda island. Then we were going to some Bahama key and stay there."

"Forever?" he sneered. "Until we became tired of it. Until I'd had time to think."

"Well, you're going to do just that thing," he said. "Only you're going with me, not Faunce."

"Don't be absurd," she advised.

"Absurd? My God! you talk to me of absurdity! Listen, my dear Lucy: you left me to run away with Faunce. Do you think any jury in the world would convict me of murder if I killed him out of hand?"

"You wouldn't dare," she breathed.

"And why not? You knew better. You know that my hands are itching now to toss him overboard. So help me God, upon my word of honor—"

"Your word of honor?" she jeered.

"Upon my word of dishonor, then, I'll kill him here and now unless you agree, without further word, to go with me to Barracuda island, to share the tent I'll erect there, to be mine!"

Faintly, far away, her voice sounded as she made her decision.

"I'll go to Barracuda island with you," she said.

Stevens clapped his hands; a Filipino steward came running.

"I want to thank you, Captain, for saving me," she said.

Modane glanced at Stevens. "Why Ma'am, Mrs. Stevens, ma'am—"

Stevens slapped him on the back.

"Attaboy, Modane! Modest as any sailor, my tarry salt of fiction. Well, Mrs. Stevens is eternally grateful to you for leaping into the water after her, and so am I. I'd be a widower but for you, Modane, instead of a bridegroom starting upon his honeymoon."

It was a busy afternoon that followed luncheon. Stevens had no suggestions to make to her, but he accepted her aid. He chopped wood; he erected the

tent, first clearing a space for it back from the beach. He found the spring which trickled in a tiny stream to the sea, and cleaned it out, and sunk in it aluminum containers which held butter and cheese. She washed the dishes, put them in order, stacked the stores beneath a tarpaulin which Stevens stretched between poles that he had chopped and sunk deeply in the sand.

"How long do you expect to remain here?" she inquired. To save herself, she could not keep anxious timidity from her tones.

He shrugged carelessly.

"Oh, I told Modane to drop by in a week or so. If we weren't here I told him to cruise over to the Bahamas and get trace of us there. Why?"

"Oh, I just wondered," she replied.

"But why wonder?" he insisted. "What do you care where we go, so long, my dear, as you're with me?"

Since they had landed his manner and words had been impersonal. Now she felt the jeer be-

hind them. And this was the man who professed to love her, this man who took joy in her spiritual agony. Well, she would not give him the satisfaction of knowing her fear, her horror of him. Instead, she would show her contempt.

"Quite right," she said. "Inasmuch as paradise itself would be hell if you were present, what difference can it make what we do or where we are?"

"That's more like Devil-May-Care, the high-spirited maiden whom I wooed and won," he mocked her. "Well, let's have some supper."

Once again his manner became impersonal, light-hearted, even gay, and she was angrily humiliated that she took her tone from him. Why should he have any power over her whatsoever, even the power to make her smile or frown?

"Lucy," he broke a long silence, "do you hate me?"

"And despise you," she said. "Why did you marry me?" he asked.

"I don't know just why," she honestly replied.

"I do," he told her.

"Then why?" she inquired.

"Because, as my wife, you could hurt me more than in any other way. And you did. To run away, to humiliate me—well, despite everything, you are my wife, and I've caught you, and I have you. You can't get away from that, my dear."

"No," she said flatly.

He reclined upon the sand, propping his head up with one

(Continued on Page 8)

Mrs. J. B. Strong will make or re-make your dresses at her home. 75 Harrison Ave. Phone 71-W.

Pd. 12-17

FOR SALE—Western Electric washing machine, \$15. Southwest corner Sunnyoaks ave. and Winchester road. Pd 10-15

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YOU ARE INVITED TO JOIN OUR 1930 CHRISTMAS CLUB

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the family.

JOIN TODAY.. HAVE CASH
APlenty NEXT
CHRISTMAS

CAMPBELL BRANCH

American Trust Company

Since 1834



dramatic, but I'd die for you, Lucy."

"Oh, Fergus, don't speak of death!" she pleaded. "We've been so close... so near..." Her voice ceased; the hand that rested beneath Faunce's moved uneasily, and then the fingers clenched. Faunce looked up. Stevens had emerged from the pilot house forward and was now approaching them.

Unwillingly Faunce admitted the great charm of the man. His big body moved cat-like, gracefully. He had the knack of wearing clothes well, and his blue-flannel double-breasted jacket became him. The yachting cap could not entirely hide the blond curls, and the tan of his face but made his teeth the whiter as they showed in as mile.

"Better, dear wife of mine?" he enquired.

She felt a taunt in the inquiry and her cheeks blazed.

"I suppose I owe you my life?" she queried.

He shrugged his wide shoulders. "No need for protestations of gratitude, my dear. The hurricane hit the Minerva and we were scurrying for the lee of Barracuda island when we saw the waterspout hit your craft. We didn't know who was in your boat, but we did the obvious thing. We managed to save you. Rather a shock to pick one's bride out of the ocean, clasped in another man's arms, but as one gets older one understands that life is a lurid melodrama when it isn't a savage farce. Sleep well, my dear?"

"Say Faunce, would you mind letting me have a word alone with my wife?"

Faunce flushed at the brusqueness of the request. He glanced at Lucy.

"Please tell Dr. Faunce I wish to speak to him," said Stevens.

Faunce came at once, no fear, but anxiety upon his face; worry, Lucy knew, for her.

"My wife and I," said Stevens easily, "have composed our differences. And so, Doctor, I'm going to send you to Miami in the Minerva, while she and I continue in a motor-boat, the voyage that you and she began. I leave it to your own decision what explanation you may make, if any. It would, of course, sound plausible if you stated that your motorboat had been lost in the storm, and that you had been picked up by Mr. and Mrs. Tim Stevens, honeymooning on their cruising houseboat, and continuing their honeymoon with a camping trip a deaux on Barracuda island. Any unwitting injury you may have intended doing a man who had never injured you would be balanced by such a story, I think."

He arose abruptly and went forward; they saw him enter the pilot house where Modane the skipper steered the Minerva. Faunce looked at the girl. "You—want this?" he asked.

She nodded, avoiding his eyes. "Because, my child, if you don't—" he began.

She cut him short:

"Fergus, he's my husband, and... I'm coming to my senses."

She rose and walked away; already, in obedience to orders given by Stevens, the Minerva was losing way. Members of the crew were swinging outward the davits where was slung a motor boat; stewards were placing supplies in the boat. She entered the pilot house where Modane stood by the wheel. She held out her hand.

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.. What You Get for Your Money ..

When you become a subscriber to the Campbell Press you receive the paper every week. In its pages you will find at least one good continued story, pictures, features, humor and editorial comment—to say nothing of more local news than may be found in any other valley publication, particularly so since some of the larger papers are discontinuing a great deal of rural news which has heretofore been used.

Be a Real Home-Towner; read

Campbell,
California

The Campbell Press

21-J
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BILIOUS?
Take NATURE'S REMEDY
—tonight. You'll be "fit
and fine" by morning—
tongue clear, headache gone,
appetite back, bowels acting
pleasantly, bilious attack forgotten.
For constipation, too. Better than
any more laxative.
At drug stores—only 25c. Make the test tonight.
FEEL LIKE A MILLION, TAKE
NR TO-NIGHT
TOMORROW ALRIGHT

Saved From Death, but Had Distinct Grievance

In the early days of Cape colony a
wretched Hottentot was sentenced at
Worcester to be hanged for the crime
of sheep stealing.

As the sentence was about to be car-
ried out the rope broke, and the thief
fell to the ground unconscious. While
in this state a messenger galloped up
to the jail gate demanding admittance.
He proved to be none other than an
officer bearing a letter of reprieve for
the doomed man.

When the prisoner came around, he
tried to rise from the ground, and was
then informed that the sentence would
not be carried out. This information
did not seem to impress him greatly,
as he began to fumble about in his
pockets, evidently looking for some-
thing that he missed. Suddenly he
fished from out his ragged receptacle
some bits of wood, at which he gazed
with rueful eyes. Then he said:

"Ek het goed sewet dat iets ver-
keert was. Met al julle neukerij het
julle my ou pijs gerbreek!" (I well
knew there was something wrong.
With all your nonsense you people
have broken my old pipe!)

Cuts, Burns, Bruises
Try Hanford's
Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money
for the first bottle if not suited.

"Chromadyne" New Power
Discovery has been made at Well-
ington, New Zealand, of a new force,
given the name of "chromadyne,"
which is claimed to be ten times more
powerful than electricity.—Providence
Journal.

From Youth to Age
There are three trying periods in
a woman's life: when the girl matures
to womanhood, when a woman
gives birth to her first child, when a
woman reaches middle age. At
these times Lydia E. Pinkham's
Vegetable Compound helps to re-
store normal health and vigor.

**LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND**
LYDIA E. PINKHAM MED. CO., LYNN, MASS.

Seek Power Substitutes
French scientists, looking to the
time when natural supplies of coal
and oil will be exhausted, are making
experiments with five substitutes to
furnish power for mankind.—Popular
Mechanics Magazine.

The Dear Creatures
Mrs. Sweetland—They said my dress
was a symphony.
Mrs. Sourbrash—Yeah, the unfin-
ished kind!

Nobody Wants To
"He has an infectious laugh."
"Well, you can't quarantine a fellow
for that."

Millions now use Russ Ball Blue.
Makes clothes snowy white. Get the
genuine.—Adv.

If one was in no hurry to enter
this world why should he be in a hurry
while he is in it?

Few men appreciate their freedom
until they find themselves in jail—or
married.

**MOTHERS... Watch
Children's COLDS**
COMMON head colds often "settle"
in throat and chest where they may
become dangerous. Don't take a
chance—at the first sniffle rub on
Children's Muterole once every hour
for five hours.
* Children's Muterole is just good old
Muterole, you have known so long, in
milder form.
Working like the trained masseur, this
famous blend of oil of mustard, camphor,
menthol and other ingredients brings
relief naturally. It penetrates and stimu-
lates blood circulation, helps to draw out
infection and pain.
Keep full strength Muterole on hand,
for adults and the milder—Children's
Muterole for little tots. All druggists.
**CHILDREN'S
MUTEROLE**
BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER

Home Traffic Regulations



ALASKA'S MAJOR OUTPUT SALMON

Canned Two Pounds for Every Man, Woman, Child in U. S.

Washington.—Commissioner Henry
O'Malley has recently brought the
headquarters of the United States
bureau of fisheries back from its
annual 5,000-mile migration.

Nominally the headquarters is in
Washington, D. C.; actually the bu-
reau headquarters is in Alaska dur-
ing the summer months.

The commissioner, sailing in the
bureau flagship in Alaskan waters,
recommended orders to Washington
by wireless and cable. A messen-
ger hurried each order to the sec-
retary of commerce for his signa-
ture. The secretary's approval, re-
turned 5,000 miles by cable and
wireless, made the recommended or-
der an official regulation within less
than 12 hours.

A \$54,000,000 Business.
The White bill for the protection
of Alaskan fisheries elevates the
secretary of commerce to master
and controller of commercial fish-
eries in the territory. He dictates
the rules governing an annual busi-
ness amounting to \$54,000,000, the
largest single industry in "Seward's
Ice Box."

The condition of the fisheries is
outlined by Commissioner O'Malley,
who proxies every summer in
Alaska for the secretary of com-
merce, in a communication to the
National Geographic society.

"The 1929 Alaskan salmon pro-
duction," he said, "reached 5,200-
800 cases by August 31, and is well
up to the mark of the five-year aver-
age. Alaska canned two one-pound
cans of salmon for every man, woman
and child in the United States."

"Use of airplanes for patrolling
fishing waters, 12-hour service on
official orders limiting or extending
fishing privileges, depending on the
salmon runs, and the introduction
to the United States market of the
neglected chum salmon in fresh
fillets, were features of the 1929
season."

"The United States bureau of
fisheries in Alaska must keep watch
on a coast line longer than a line
around the earth at the equator.
A force of 200 representatives and
a fleet of 17 bureau-owned boats
and numerous chartered craft, carry
on duties ranging from capturing
poachers to teaching school. Fish-
eries agents must actually count
the salmon that go to the spawning

grounds because the law requires
that 50 per cent of the salmon run
must be permitted to pass the nets
and traps of the commercial can-
neries. During the past year
counting weirs were established on
nine principal salmon rivers of
Alaska. At Chignik 1,500,000 sal-
mon swam through the bureau's
gates.

Decline in Fisheries Checked.

"Conservation pays its way in
Alaska, and has won wide public
approval," continued the commis-
sioner. "Under old loose regula-
tions the salmon pack of the terri-
tory fell 3,500,000 cases. Under the
stricter control of the White bill of
1924, annual fishery figures roll up
unmistakable evidence that the de-
cline of Alaska's salmon fisheries
has been checked. Five years' op-
eration have proved that the terri-
tory, through scientific fisheries

control, can stabilize its chief in-
dustry which gives employment to
30,000 men and provides two thirds
of the world's annual salmon catch.

"The Yukon and the Kuskokwim
are open only to natives and res-
ident whites, who catch the fish for
food for themselves and their dogs.
All Salmon rivers of Alaska are
closed to commercial fishing, and
all fishing areas have a 36-hour
weekly closed period. This period
has been extended by order in many
cases, to as long as 93 hours a
week. The secretary of commerce
has power to prohibit commercial
fishing in any area; channel, estu-
ary or bay, at any time.

"Airplanes proved so successful
for patrol work, especially in the
wild, island-filled Pan-handle coast,
that the bureau will probably con-
tinue and extend this new service.
Thousands of the square miles can
be covered in brief time with an
airplane and the observer high in
the air can see fishing gear in the
water much more readily than can
a man from a boat."

KLONDIKERS OF '98 IN REUNION

Survivors of Gold Rush Swap Tales of Old Days at Seattle.

Seattle.—The strangest, most ro-
mantic convention in American history
has just been concluded in Se-
attle, where the calendar was turned
back 30 years.

It was a convention of men and
women whose collective memories
hold more of color, excitement and
adventure than the memories of any
similar group in the country.

They were the men and women—
9,000 of them—who went to Klondike
in the great gold stampede of
1898, gathered together here from
all over the world for a convention
which they called "the Sourdough
Stampede," bringing together again
the remaining fragments of the
mighty army that stormed the
Alaskan fastnesses a generation
ago.

There were visitors here from
many lands. Most of them, of
course, were from the United
States, but there were delegates
from South America, Mexico, Ger-
many, Cuba and Australia as well.
And there was one group of 16
bent, gray-haired men registered
from the King county poor farm!

Days of '98 Are Lived Again.
Just as all classes and conditions
of men mingled in the rush to the

Klondike, so all classes and con-
ditions mingled in the convention
here. There were federal judges,
Northwest Mounted policemen, doc-
tors, bankers, farmers, lawyers,
down-and-outs, housewives, men
who had stuck to prospecting ever
since the glamorous days of '98—
all meeting here in the happy
cameraderie of old-time associa-
tions.

Some of these people had been
prospectors in the old days. Others
had been fero dealers, steamboat
men, north country doctors, dance
hall girls, fur trappers and nobody
knows what not.

Among the delegates, for in-
stance, was Kate Rockwell, who
went up to the Klondike in 1898
with the Savoy show company,
playing dramatic roles for the
rough miners. Now living in Ore-
gon, Kate Rockwell is the prop-
rietor of a little restaurant. She
knew the dance hall girls who sold
drinks to the men—on a percent-
age basis of course.

"Where are the dancing girls?"
she was asked.
"Some married millionaires—in
gold dust—some came back to the
States and went straight, and some
—didn't," she replied.

Braves Chilcot's Blizzards.

A section of the parade here was
led by Mrs. David Allerton of Hol-
lywood, who was a great stage fa-
vorite in the Klondike under the
name of Gracie Robinson. She
left a New York chorus girl in 1897
to go North, and went through the
famous Chilcot pass with her her-
atrical costumes wrapped in a gunny
sack and strapped to her back.

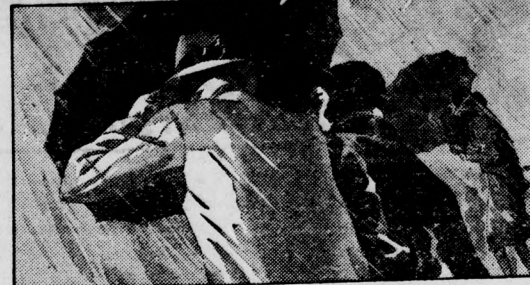
Then there was Dr. I. H. Moore,
pioneer surgeon in Skagway, who
was hilariously greeted in the con-
vention hall by Jack Lamont, whose
life he had saved after Lamont had
been shot through both thighs in
a free-for-all shooting fracas that
attended the fatal duel between a
bandit, "Sonny" Smith, and the
heads of the Skagway vigilance
committee.

One of the most interesting fig-
ures at the convention was Rev.
George C. Pringle, long known as
the "sky pilot of the Yukon," and
now a resident of Victoria, B. C.

Pringle, who had been graduated
from the University of Toronto and
had taken post-graduate courses at
Edinburgh, Scotland, went North in
'98 and headed straight for the
wildest part of the frontier, earning
his passage up the Yukon by work-
ing the sweeps of a barge and
finally landing among the gold
creek 20 miles back of Dawson.

Month after month he went afoot
among the mining camps—Whisky
Hill, Paradise Hill, Squabblers'
Bench, Last Chance creek and Too
Much Gold creek—carrying mail,
nursing the sick and holding church
services in barrooms and road-
houses, wherever he could find
room.

It would be impossible to name
all of the interesting and colorful
figures at the convention.



For COLDS

We all catch colds and they can make us miserable;
but yours needn't last long if you will do this: Take
two or three tablets of Bayer Aspirin just as soon as
possible after a cold starts. Stay in the house if you
can—keep warm. Repeat with another tablet or two
of Bayer Aspirin every three or four hours, if those
symptoms of cold persist. Take a good laxative when
you retire, and keep bowels open. If throat is sore,
dissolve three tablets in a quarter-glassful of water
and gargle. This soothes inflammation and reduces
infection. There is nothing like Bayer Aspirin for a
cold, or sore throat. And it relieves aches and pains
almost instantly. The genuine tablets, marked Bayer,
are absolutely harmless to the heart.

BAYER ASPIRIN

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

fooling Hummers

Ralph J. Ayer, a farmer near Colo-
rado Springs, Colo., has succeeded in
taming humming birds, even to the
point where they will feed out of his
hand and allow him to touch them, ac-
cording to Miss Frances E. Haines,
who reports the feat. Mr. Ayer tied
bottles containing sugar sirup near
the flowers the birds used and built
little stands for them to rest upon.
Later he moved the bottles to the
windowsill, and then to his hand, but
still the birds came. So eager were
they to get the sirup that two pairs
nested near the window last spring.—
Nature Magazine.

Earned His Keep

"A beggar called and I gave him
twopence and a plate of soup?"
"Did he eat the soup?"
"Yes."
"Then he earned the twopence."—
Tildens Tegn.

The woman who has tact invariably
knows what not to do.

Not Tired All Over

Six-year-old Jimmy, more than half
asleep, stumbled his weary way home
after a long, happy day at the state
fair.

"Are you tired, Jimmy?" inquired
his father as Jimmy's reluctant feet
trudged slower and slower beside his
own.

"No, father," answered Jimmy. "I'm
not tired, but my legs are."

Use Russ Ball Blue in your laundry.
Tiny rust spots may come from Infer-
rior Bluing. Ask Grocers.—Adv.

Unsympathetic

Agitated Gentleman—My wife and
children are round the other side of
the point, cut off by the tide, and I've
swum all the way round.

Card Friend—Oh? In that case, per-
haps you'd like to make up a four at
bridge.

Organizers soon learn whom it is
not worth while to put on a com-
mittee.

Old shoes made new for less than a penny a pair

Scuffs disappear. Clean, uniform color returns.
More than 50 shines for 50 cents. Black, brown,
tan, white and neutral.

**BARTON'S
DYANSHINE**
SHOE POLISH

Per Capita Wealth

The commonly accepted impression
that the United States leads the world
in per capita wealth is corrected by
a table issued by a Wall Street house,
says Capper's Weekly. We stand in
third place. Switzerland leads with a
wealth per capita of \$3,126, New Zea-
land follows with \$3,023. The United
States is third with \$2,908. Other im-
portant countries are not far behind.
Canada following this country with
\$2,779; Australia, \$2,710, and Great
Britain, \$2,677. At the tail of the pro-
cession is Russia, whose wealth is es-
timated at but \$215 to the head of
population.

Wealth is saved capital, and statis-
tics show that a people with little
wealth may still be prosperous, even
though the living costs are relatively
high.

Stop the Pain.

The hurt of a burn or a cut stops when
Cole's Carbolsaive is applied. It heals
quickly without scars. 30c and 60c by
all druggists, or send 30c to The J. W.
Cole Co., Rockford, Ill.—Advertisement.

France Has Largest Library

The principal library of France and
the largest library of the world is the
Bibliothèque Nationale. Paris.
crude accents—as musk, myrrh, in-
cense; the scent of flowers is sel-
dom mentioned in their poetry or lit-
erature, which leads us to think that
the subtlety of this last born of our
senses is being evolved with civili-
zation.

"Marble" Made of Sand

A building material that resembles
marble is being made at New Orleans
from river and lake sand.—Providence
Journal.

BABY CHICKS

R. L. Redd, Barred Rocks, Turkeys, White
and Golden Buff Leghorns, and Black Mi-
norcas. Place your order early for mid-win-
ter and spring bookings and have chicks de-
livered when you want them.

CREWS-SEABRIGHT PIONEER

SEABRIGHT HATCHERY CALIFORNIA.

Faith Sanatorium is a tiny place, but Jesus'
power heals here. Send stamped envelope
for prayer and 7 Divine healing require-
ments. Mabel Smith, Rt. 2, Hollister, Calif.

FOR SALE—40 A. unsurpassed alfalfa land.
A-1 well, in Hinkley Valley. Only \$2,500.
80 A. with well, \$3,500. Courtesy to agents.
Owner, Box 376, Barstow, California.

DIABETICS. Bread, Muffins, Waffles, free
of Starch, Gluten, or carbohydrates. Delic-
ious as cake. Nothing compares. Free sam-
ple. Address Box 64, Hermosa Beach, Calif.

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EAR OIL
\$1.25 All Druggists. Descriptive folder on request
A. O. LEONARD, Inc.
70 Fifth Ave., New York City

Garfield Tea

Was Your
Grandmother's Remedy

For every stomach
and intestinal ill.
This good old-fash-
ioned herb home
remedy for consti-
pation, stomach ills
and other derange-
ments of the sys-
tem so prevalent these days is in even
greater favor as a family medicine
than in your grandmother's day.

W. N. U., San Francisco, No. 49-1929.



Who Wants to be Bald?

Not many, and when you are
getting that way and loosing
hair, which ends in baldness,
you want a good remedy that
will stop falling hair, dandruff
and grow hair on the bald head
BARE-TO-HAIR is what you
want.



W. H. Forst, Mfg.

Write for
Information

Scottsdale, Penna.

SAFETY FIRST!

Ever since the dawn of civilization, mankind has faced dangers. Primitive people were in constant fear of wild beasts. They studied the ways of animals and protected themselves from this danger as best they could.

Today we face not FEWER dangers than our ancestors of thousands of years ago—but MORE. These continually mounting dangers are largely covered by one word—accidents.

The great inventions that have brought joy, happiness and comfort, have also brought a multiplication of dangers. Railroads, automobiles, aeroplanes, gas, electricity, gasoline, firearms—all of these have increased the possibility of accidents.

The only accident that does not carry with it a financial loss or physical injury is the accident that does not happen.

With accidental losses mounting into millions of dollars; and over one hundred thousand lives annually (in spite of the fact that more than one-half of all accidents are preventable), it is time for every man, woman and child to cooperate in reducing accidents.

Inasmuch as we cannot entirely escape from this danger of accidents, it behooves everyone of us to learn how to guard against them. The first principle of citizenship in our town should be SAFETY FIRST.

The primary duty of any community as well as any government is to make its people safe. Police, fire and health protection are three of the most important functions of any civic government. This protection is very limited unless it has the cooperation of every citizen.

Carelessness, neglect and recklessness are the factors that contribute largely to the accidents that continue to occur in the home, store and factory; on the farm and highway. *Safety first, universally practiced, would eliminate nearly every accident.*

Traffic accidents are the principal danger to safety so far as the community is directly concerned. Nearly one-third of all traffic accidents happen to children under 15 years of age. Safety first, practiced by automobile drivers and pedestrians; safety first, taught to our children in the schools, would greatly reduce traffic accidents.

Fire loss is another great safety hazard. *At least sixty per cent of all fires are preventable.* Fire not only burns property, it stops business, throws people out of employment. It causes poverty! Inspect your property for fire hazards and eliminate them; make property safe for yourself and others.

Fire insurance, while the only reasonable and complete protection against loss by fire, covers only actual financial loss of the property burned. Regardless of the insurance carried, it is a duty to one's self, and one's neighbors, and to the community, to prevent fire.

Failure to provide proper fireproof storage for your perishable goods, and safe deposit boxes for your valuables, makes for lack of safety. Bank vaults and fireproof storage houses furnish the maximum of safety at a minimum of cost.

Night and day your police and firemen maintain a vigil to keep you and yours safe. But even with their utmost efforts, your cooperation is necessary. A community is disgraced by fatal traffic accidents and by excessive fire loss.

National Safety Week should be 365 days long in our community.



Safety First! CERTAINLY we'll all practice it—and preach it too in

CAMPBELL

BERNHARDT'S
CITY PRICES IN THE COUNTRY
WHY NOT?—BERNHARDT THE GROCER

BUSY BEE RESTAURANT
MEALS AT ALL HOURS
CANDIES : CIGARS : CIGARETTES

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All Work Called For and Delivered
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GAS, OIL, HIGH PRESSURE LUBRICATION SERVICE
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INSURANCE—ALL LINES
Insure With Hyde—Lay Worry Aside

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"Cleanliness in the Shop and Purity of Ingredients
are Prime Factors in the Quality of Our Products"

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San Jose California

Masonic Notice
Charity Lodge No. 362, F.
& A. M., Campbell, Calif.
Stated meetings held on
the first Monday of each month.
Robt. Scholz, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows
Morning Light Lodge
No. 42 Meets every
Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall.
Sojourning members are cordially
invited to attend the lodge meet-
ings. Lester Brackett, Noble Grand
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE
Meets second and fourth Tuesday
Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Dena F. Keesling, Worthy Secy.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of **CARL OTTO ANDERSON**, also known as **C. O. ANDERSON**, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executor of the last Will and Testament of Carl Otto Anderson, also known as C. O. Anderson, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within six (6) months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said Executor at the office of Bohnett, Hill & Campbell, Room 807 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, where all business connected with said estate will be transacted.

San Jose, Calif., this 15th day of November, A. D. 1929.

CARL ARTHUR ANDERSON

Executor of the last Will and Testament of Carl Otto Anderson, also known as C. O. Anderson, Deceased.
Bohnett, Hill & Campbell
Attorneys for said Executor.
11-12-13-14

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of **E. E. Hanger**, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned administrator of the Estate of E. E. Hanger, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, together with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within six (6) months after the first publication of this notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said Administrator at the office of Bohnett, Hill & Campbell, Room 807 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, where all business connected with said estate will be transacted.

San Jose, Calif., this 27th day of November, A. D. 1929.

DEVIL-MAY-CARE

(Continued from Page 5)

hand, his elbow digging into the sand, and stared at her.

"You've never guessed how desirable you are, have you, Lucy?"

"Men have asked me to marry them," she retorted.

"But you didn't; you married me. Do you know why?"

"You've just told me why," she said.

"Oh, that! That was the immediate motivating impulse. But behind that, wasn't it fate, Lucy?"

"Perhaps," she admitted.

"And fate, when it brings a man and a woman together, means love, doesn't it, Lucy?" he persisted.

She looked at him coldly.

"Don't be a cad," she said.

"Don't try to justify yourself by persuading yourself that, in spite of everything, I'm really in love with you but haven't found it out. Be man enough to do what you intend without excuse. Love you? I think you're the most contemptible thing that breathes. Are you satisfied?"

"Plenty," he said. "And now, my dear wife, will you please go to the tent and—wait for me!"

Well, she had proposed the game, made the rules, interpreted them. And she had given her word to save Fergus Faunce from the dreadful anger that could possess this man. She rose obediently, walked to the tent, entered it, and the flap fell behind her.

"Lucy," he called.

Her voice came back to him clear, unafraid, tinged with contempt.

"Well?"

"I wanted to tell you; you needn't be afraid of me. I don't want you, and never will want you. So far as I'm concerned, you may go to hell and be damned forever."

CHAPTER V

She understood now exactly why she had married Stevens. She had intended to revenge herself upon him by making him a byword for the mean-hearted public to laugh at. She had not comprehended her own motives, but he had made them clear to her in that conversation on Barracuda island.

(Continued next week)

Miss Jessie Lewis will leave Saturday for San Diego where she will spend the Christmas vacation with Miss Kittle Johnson at the home of Miss Johnson's brother.

The Ada Rebekah Stitching club will meet Friday afternoon in the banquet room of Odd Fellows hall. Mrs. Ernest Snow and Mrs. Lillian Ohlen are the hostesses.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. F. S. Newcomb Wednesday, Dec. 18, at 2:30 p. m.

L. D. BOHNETT
Administrator of the estate of E. E. Hanger, Deceased.

Bohnett, Hill & Campbell,
Attorneys for said Administrator.
13-14-15-16

Campbell Union High School Notes

The girls' jinx Friday night was a success in every sense of the word. All came to have a good time and went away satisfied.

The circus idea was carried out in the red and yellow decorations as well as in the refreshments, which were sandwiches, pink lemonade and animal cookies.

The first act was that of the tumbling girls. Then Antoinette Melvini gave a clown dance. The next was a tight rope act by clowns and then one with ballet girls. Spark Plug next gave a dance, and a trained elephant performed.

There were hurdle races and hoop jumpers, only one jumper, however, succeeding in the attempt to leap through the hoop.

In the side shows were the fat lady, snake charmer, tall man, short lady, and the freaks, the half man and half woman.

Miss Howes gave a clever shadow picture stunt which was followed by a rather gruesome number by Muriel Wilson and Katherine Hobe.

After lunch there was dancing and fortune telling the rest of the evening.

The high sophomores invited the juniors to a skating party at the rink in San Jose last Friday night.

Tryouts for the senior play were held last week and practice will begin this week.

Editors' Note: Several Thanksgiving stories, written by students, will appear in this section. They are in the nature of editorial effort.

THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving is a day set aside by the president for rest, content, and thankfulness. The Pilgrims originated this idea.

Thanksgiving today may have many meanings. The school boy looks upon it as a day when he will be able to eat all the turkey and dressing he can fit into his much-too-small stomach, not thinking beforehand of the effect on him during the night and the next day. To the old-fashioned mother, however, Thanksgiving brings a time when she will have to cook and work for a week ahead and the only satisfaction she gets is that of the company or the rest of the family praising her cooking.

To the modern housewife, Thanksgiving is a day when she does not have to cook. She usually goes to her mother's home, or perhaps, if this is not possible, her husband, wishing a change in cooking, takes her to a restaurant. This latter is, however, very rare.

Everybody seems to enjoy this day of thankfulness, especially sister, who has to wash or dry the dishes, and brother, who has to help her. Then the big quarrel comes as to which is to do the washing and which the drying. The argument is long and heated, but is suddenly quieted and work progresses rapidly when the company happens to stroll through the kitchen.

One sometimes wonders if the original Pilgrim idea of Thanksgiving is utterly lost or do some of us, under this disguise of hurry and indifference, still have, at times, a sense of peace and gratitude?

THEY STAND CORRECTED

The San Jose Mercury-Herald stands corrected. An error was made in a recent issue of that paper in which there appeared an article concerning the condition of the roads in and about Campbell—district No. 4, of which Joe McKinnon is supervisor. There are some very bad stretches in district 5, west of Campbell, which are decidedly in need of repairs. Supervisor Cooley has promised relief in this matter, but as yet developments have been slow.

The erroneous item first referred to chronicled the fact that Campbellites were dissatisfied with road conditions hereabouts.

RESOLUTION OF INTENTION TO SELL PROPERTY

IT IS HEREBY RESOLVED AND ORDERED by the Board of Trustees of the Campbell Union Grammar School District of the County of Santa Clara, State of California,

That it is the intention of said Board to sell that certain cottage or dwelling house now located in the Northwestern portion of the school grounds of said Campbell Union Grammar School District situate at the North East corner of Campbell Avenue and the Los Gatos and Santa Clara roads in said County.

That said property will be sold for a minimum price of \$450 and the 30th day of December, 1929, at 8 p. m., o'clock of said day is hereby fixed as the time and place for a public meeting of

the kitchen.

—Mark Pasquin.

Radio owners desiring copies of "Voice of the Air," bimonthly publication, may have them delivered to their door free by phoning Campbell 66, or calling on

Dunlap & Smily

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STANDARD OIL COMPANY OF CALIFORNIA

said board at which time sealed proposals to purchase said property will be received and considered, the Board reserving the right to reject any and all bids.

Said sale will be for cash, ten per cent to accompany bid, and balance payable upon acceptance of bid and sale of property; building to be removed within 60 days after acceptance of bid.

Passed by the Board of Trustees of the Campbell Union Grammar School District this 4th day of December, 1929.

LLOYD GARDNER,
Clerk.

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PINKY DINKY and His Gang

By Terry Gilkison

